

# Who Sent the Dead Cat to Pretty Mlle. Campbell?

**Furious at the Insult She Hunted Up Mlle. Renouardt at the Cafe Claridge and Tore the Parisian Beauty's Hair, Clawed Her Face and Smashed Her Own Pearl Necklace**



**Mlle. Renouardt, the Popular French Stage Beauty, Who Was Believed to Have Sent the Dead Cat to Mlle. Campbell.**

PARIS, March 7. **MADEMOISELLE JACQUELINE CAMPBELL**, the exquisite Parisian actress and mould of fashion, was taking her light breakfast in bed the other morning.

The maid brought in her mail and also a large beautifully decorated box.

That box immediately attracted her attention. It made her heart beat. She felt sure it was a gift—a peace offering—from an extremely wealthy admirer with whom she had recently had a disagreement. Anyway, it must be a gift from some admirer. Perhaps it was a diamond tiara, but more probably a superb piece of fur or a new creation in hats.

"Bring me that box, Celeste," cried Mlle. Campbell excitedly, rising up in her dainty robe de nuit.

The box was tied up very securely. The stubborn knots were a severe trial to pretty Jacqueline's patience. She got the lid off. Then she started impatiently to search for the precious treasure within.

She pulled out layer after layer of filmy paper. At last she reached the object that had been carefully concealed within all these wrappings. At the same time a dreadful odor smote her nose.

The box contained a miserable, long dead cat!

Jacqueline's hopeful, expectant mood immediately changed into rage and tears.

She suspected at once who had sent the dead cat. It was her rival, Mlle. Jane Renouardt, a beautiful and talented actress, but a very merciless enemy. Mlle. Campbell had for a time rivalled Mlle. Renouardt in the regard of a very wealthy and rather fickle young millionaire.

From that moment Mlle. Campbell was possessed with but one thought and determination. That was to have revenge on Mlle. Renouardt for the dead cat insult. That very afternoon Jacqueline met Jane Renouardt in Claridge's Hotel, one of the most fashionable resorts in Paris—especially at tea time.

"Ah, cat!" exclaimed Mlle. Campbell. "I will teach you to insult me by sending me a dead body of your family."

"Little camel of the boulevards!" retorted Renouardt.

As she spoke Jacqueline rushed at Renouardt and scratched her beautiful face. The Gallic blood of the two girls, which leads to such awful fury, was thoroughly aroused. They lost all sense of refinement, dignity and feminine delicacy, such as characterized them in their ordinary life.

The fashionable idlers in the hotel were treated to a contest which many of them thought more interesting than the Carpentier-Dempsey fight was ever likely to be. Mlle. Renouardt drew first blood with a long left-handed scratch on Jacqueline Campbell's right cheek. Jane is known as a hard hitter and is said never to have had the worst of any physical encounter.

Her many admirers glowed with enthusiasm over her success, without, of course, being so vulgar as to cheer and "root" as they would have done at a real prize fight.

Jacqueline Campbell, though lighter than her antagonist, did some very clever foot-work. She stepped back, disengaging

herself from the tearing nails, and quickly countered with a right-hand tug that let down Jane's back hair.

Jane replied with a swift body blow that took away Jacqueline's breath and made her relinquish her hold on the other's hair.

Jacqueline remained speechless for almost a minute. The two enemies glanced at one another with looks of unutterable hate and contempt. Then they recovered their speech.

"Little bunch of trash from Montmartre, accept this one," said Renouardt, as she smartly pulled her adversary's nose.

"And take this from me, you cat!" retorted Jacqueline, her face flushed with fury.

As she spoke, she smashed Jane's exquisite, costly Rue de la Paix hat down over her eyes. This hurt seriously and Jane replied with what looked like a dangerous kick and some of the spectators began to think of the French for "Foul!"

In the struggle poor Jacqueline's beautiful string of pearls was pulled off her neck and the gems were scattered in every direction. When Jacqueline saw her precious jewels scattered she gave forth a hysterical shriek that brought the rest of the staff of the hotel, who had not been already attracted by the fracas. A pearl hunt was organized and after scouring thoroughly the room, overturning furniture, uplifting rugs and disorganizing the place completely, 162 pearls were recovered.

But Jacqueline, bordering upon hysteria, refused to be consoled, for she said there were 198 pearls in the rope and insisted upon having them. Further search failed to reveal the lost gems, and, on the insistence of Jacqueline, the manager promised to have the heating arrangement dismantled and a search made in the conduits.

This only partially satisfied the fair Jacqueline, for she left the hotel hurriedly to run to the police magistrate to enter a complaint against Jane Renouardt, not only for assault, but for the loss of her pearls, either by her or "some unknown person," as the French legal form is. She placed a value on the string of pearls of 60,000 francs.

The next day a wrecking crew appeared at the hotel, demolished the heating arrangements and examined the spaces through which the pipes were run right down to the boiler. Their efforts were rewarded by finding 14 missing pearls still strung on a thread, which were taken by the hotel manager to the police station. There the magistrate called an expert to examine the pearls and he did not hesitate to declare that the only thing genuine about them was the string upon which they were strung. Jacqueline denied this and frantically insisted upon the return of the other 22 pearls.

The polite hotel manager wanted to be obliging, but told Jacqueline that the most thorough search possible, without entirely demolishing the hotel, had only resulted in the 14 gems being found. He intimated that the expense already incurred by the demolition of the installation of the hotel had scarcely been justified by the estimated value of the jewels found.

**"Ah, cat!" exclaimed Mlle. Jacqueline Campbell, "I will teach you to insult me by sending me a dead body of your family." "Little camel of the boulevards!" retorted Renouardt. As she spoke Jacqueline rushed at Renouardt clawing her face with her finger nails and tearing at the famous Beauty's Hair.**



**Mlle. Jacqueline Campbell the Parisian Fashion Plate Who Scratched and Pulled the Hair of Mlle. Renouardt.**

In olden times history tells us that occasionally women were stoned. They are still, but the stones come from the rue de la Paix. In this case, however, they seem to have been made by a very skilled manufacturer of artificial pearls.

When the two beauties came to confront each other in the police magistrate's office, it looked as if there was going to be a repetition of the incident at Claridge's, but the wise forethought of the justice had placed three gendarmes in a convenient position to intervene when necessary. In a half hour's hearing they were only called upon three times.

Having given vent to her rage the day before, Jane seemed to be more tractable at the hearing. She said that she really didn't intend to do bodily harm to Jacqueline, but merely wished "to give her a severe correction that she deserved for the great harm she had done."

Jacqueline sat there, a discreet arrangement of cosmetics disguising the injuries to her face, almost in a musing mood, evidently thinking if Jane was able to accomplish what she did without intention she would have done something awful if she had put her mind upon it.

The evidence about the falsity of the pearls was received by Jane Renouardt with a smile of triumph. As she was leaving her lip curled in disdain and she remarked:

"False pearls! He wouldn't have dared to offer them to me!"

The cruel war between the two beauties has its origin in a very serious matter. Once the two actresses were very dear friends. Mlle. Renouardt enjoyed the friendship and admiration of one of the richest men in France. He is known as "the Steel King" in France and as "the Sugar King" in Belgium.

This double king is sometimes called the modern Don Juan, for he rarely fails to make the acquaintance of the newest beauty of the day. Thus it happened that the young, fresh and beautiful Mlle. Campbell attracted him for a time, and thereby

should be and used Jacqueline as a sort of canvas upon which he painted in handsome materials his idea.

Both the men were friends, as well as the women. Numerous unhappy disagreements occurred in Jacqueline's ménage, and at these sad times gallant Don Juan of Renouardt felt that he ought to console her. At Deauville last summer Jacqueline found her Don Juan paying attentions to a very pretty New York woman, and created some excitement by deliberately smacking the face of her wealthy friend.

This ended Jacqueline's romance for a time and Renouardt's friend came to sympathize with her. But he must have been too sympathetic—at least, to please Jane—for after this the two former inseparable girl friends were never seen together.

The hair-pulling and pearl-cattering fight is the latest of several dramatic episodes in which Jane Renouardt has figured. Every month or so she performs a little

act in some very public place that arrests the attention of Paris.

About a year ago the open admiration of her Don Juan for another Parisian artiste, Clara Tambour, who was appearing at a theatre in which the lucky man was a co-director, caused Jane to insist upon the discharge of this too attractive young person. Clara, in revenge, then conceived the conspiracy of the malodorous bouquet, which became famous. She hired a camelot, or Parisian "sandwich man," to throw the bouquet of flowers steeped in asafoetida in the face of Renouardt as she came from the Capucines Theatre. Jane discovered the plot, secretly overbid Clara Tambour for the services of the camelot who was to perpetrate the insult, changed the decoration of the bouquet to chocolate cream, and had a friend impersonate her to receive it.

Renouardt watched the incident from her automobile on the Boulevard, near the theatre, to detect Clara Tambour's complicity. She discovered her enemy seated in an automobile not far from where the scene was to take place, waiting anxiously for the thrill of satisfaction she thought she was going to have. The man was arrested before he accomplished his commission and the next day Jane Renouardt brought Clara Tambour before a police magistrate to obtain satisfaction and for punishment. The trial caused great amusement among Parisians and was decided in a manner which was creditable to neither.

The feud between Jane Renouardt and Jacqueline Campbell began shortly after this. They had up to this time been bosom friends, always together, creating sensations wherever they went by the wonderful manner in which they were gowned and wore their dresses. When they entered a casino gambling would cease in order that the crowd could admire the startling creations they wore.

Before this Jane Renouardt had purchased an actor named St. Marceau for burlesquing her too outrageously in a review. The peppery little actress selected the moment when the popular actor, in his best clothes, was parading on the lawn of the fashionable Longchamps race course. The President of France sat in his box looking on. Up came Mlle. Renouardt and after a few brief, snappy remarks to St. Marceau she belabored him so thoroughly with her exquisite parasol that she smashed it.

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